THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The term for which the former Editors of this paper volunteered their services having ended with the completion of the first volume, a number of young men, unwilling that a publication designed to be useful should fail for want of Editorial support, have formed themselves into a society for the purpose of conducting it in future.

The novelty of their situation and the importance of the task they have undertaken, have induced the society to address their readers with such reflections as arise on the occasion; to avow the principle by which they mean to be governed—to solicit the advise and assistance of those who are qualified to give it, and the contributions of all who are zealous for intellectual advancement.

Led by no pecuniary views to their present situation, and in their nameless capacity alike remote from censure and from praise, their only incitements are the benefit of society and their own improvement.

Experience declares that the taste, the habits and the morals of a people are essentially affected by their periodical publications: hence their general advantage has been strongly insisted on. But the manner in which they are often conducted has given cause to the reflecting mind to doubt their usefulness. In them, almost universally, political discussion is a prominent feature; their columns sometimes countenance lasciviousness; and are frequently employed in circulating romantic adventures and amorous tales. Thus dissention is often produced where unanimity should prevail—the imagination is tainted—and the mind acquires a sickly hue, which unfits it for the study of moral truth or philosophical investigation.

But where those unprofitable topics are avoided; where nothing is admitted which would tend to encourage party spirit or awaken hurtful passions; where the point of satire is aimed at folly; and the amiableness of virtue is set forth with the colourings of truth—the beneficial tendency of a literary paper, can hardly be doubted.

Such were the views by which the former Editors professed to be guided.—And if their pages have sometimes been tinctured with illiberal criticism and asperity of remark; if dullness has occasionally crept into their colums; they have also been adorned with chaste sentiments and animated language, and frequently enriched with important information. They have not sanctioned licentiousness, nor given currency to those false principles, which would tear down the barriers between virtue and vice, and militate against the best hopes of the christian.

The principles which they adopted form the outlines of the plan which the society have laid down for themselves. But to fill it up with propriety, and give variety to the lessons of instruction, the limited resources of their minds would be inadequate. But on these alone they have not placed their dependence. Among the cultivators of the understanding they look for assistance. From talents and erudition, wherever they reside, they expect those communications which are to embellish their future numbers.

To be honoured with the notice of veterans in science, would be highly gratifying; from them they would doubtless derive deep instruction, at the same time it was communicated to their readers—but it is from the young adventurers in the walks of literature they look for particular attention. To them is presented an opportunity for the display of their talents and exercise of the energy of their minds, far more ennobling than the slumberings of ease or the pursuits of dissipation.

Let the sons of genius emulatively pursue the path to honourable fame: and if obstacles oppose their progress, if editorial scrutiny for a moment repress their ardour, let them remember it is a mark of a vigorous mind, with active fortitude to press through difficulties, and by dint of perseverance to subdue opposition.

In the course of its circulation the Evening Fire-side falls into the hands of some of eminent abilities, whose classic taste and active fancy are well calculated to increase its splendour. Let not these bury their talents in the earth. The miser is not more blame-worthy who hides his golden heaps in sordid bags, than the intellectual Avaro, who, solicitous only to enrich himself with the stores of knowledge, withholds from others the advantages they might derive from its liberal dissemination.

The daughters of taste frequently honoured this paper with their notice—and enriched it with some of its most estimable productions. A continuation of those favours is particularly desirable to the present Editors.

Let not diffident merit shrink from scrutiny; the productions of the infant muse shall be canvassed with lenity; and even when unsuccessful it shall still be remembered that it was the intention to amuse or instruct.

EDITORS.

At the commencement of the new year, which is also the beginning of a new series of the Evening Fire-side, the Publisher feels himself bound to acknowledge the liberal patronage he has heretofore received from the public; which he is solicitous to be favoured with in continuation.

He is conscious that frequent irregularities have taken place in the distribution of the papers, and is sensible of the forbearance of many of his subscribers, in the city especially, who have been neglected through the carelessness of the Carriers—wherever files are incomplete from this cause, he pledges himself to fill them up on notice being given.

In entering upon the 2d volume, some alterations were judged necessary, which may occasion a delay in the issuing this first number; but the Publisher hopes his present arrangements will remove all causes for complaint in future.

Distant subscribers will please to remember, that a speedy settlement of last year's accounts is desirable.

J. RAKESTRAW.

☞ *Complete sets of the Evening Fire-side may be had by applying at the office, No. 84, North Front-Street, or Benjamin Johnson, No. 31, Market-Street, Philadelphia; to David Allinson, Burlington; Samuel Wood, 362, Pearl-Street, New-York, or to Izak Proctor, Baltimore.*

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

"Brethren know your calling and therein abide."
PAUL.

In the moral as well as in the religious world, we are all adapted to fill certain stations with peculiar propriety, and he that discovers his proper "calling and therein abides," however humble that calling may be, secures the love and esteem of all good men; he rises to distinction in society, and lives to the best purposes of life. But when through a mistaken apprehension of our talents or abilities we vainly soar above our proper sphere, like the daw with borrowed feathers, our conduct excites contempt or ridicule. Though prompted by ambition to aspire after glory, our labour is in vain, we pursue objects which we are not calculated to attain, or having accidentally overtaken, know not how to use, so that whether we win or whether we lose, we are with equal justice the subject of derision.

The great variety of writers who appear in print, and who are absolutely ignorant of the subjects on which they write, has occasioned general remark.—Troubled with an insatiable itch for scribbling, they take the pen, and the event proves how palpably they have mistaken their "calling." But there is another class, who though a step or two advanced beyond these (to speak most charitably) "have need themselves to be taught." These sometimes think that because they have a smattering of a subject they are masters of it, and having produced their deformed darling, they send it into the world, and fondly hope the public will admire it too. If these writers would *think* instead of *write*, and read authors of acknowledged merit instead of poring over their own puerile productions, there might be some hope that one day they would write with effect to the enlargement of the understanding, or amendment of the heart.—But alas! many of these have widely mistaken their calling, in which had they judged aright, we should now have seen them more usefully employed over the *anvil* or the *last*. This error is indeed a cause of great part of the confusion seen in society. Ambition, a strong and natural passion of the human mind, is wisely implanted there to prompt us to actions that may promote us to distinction, but to advance the welfare of society can alone raise us to honorable distinction; and in order that we may succeed it is of the first importance that we rightly distinguish our calling, and carefully pursue the path that Nature and Providence have evidently designed for us.

I have been not a little amused by discovering, as I have apprehended, some instances where persons have mistaken their calling. Sometimes we see shining abilities employed in useless occupations, or in such at least as require but moderate talents; sometimes we see (through the caprice of fortune) others elevated to stations far above their abilities. It is true that many of the specimens that might be adduced are more adapted to draw from the Philanthropist a tear than a smile, and over these he will undoubtedly sigh. I hope if I should attempt to delineate some characters who appear to have mistaken their calling, my reader will not so much look round him to find their resemblance in real life, as he will look at himself and endeavour to discover whether some of the traits in my picture have not a resemblance there.—It is an important thing to know ourselves, to know that we have discovered our proper "calling," and are "abiding therein," as on this must depend the happy result of all our labours.

Mechanicus is a man who was originally designed for one of the very useful members of society: though not born with unbounded talents, he had a good plain understanding, which had it been properly cultivated and rightly directed, would have made him honorably important in the sphere of his family and neighbourhood, besides the more extensive importance that is ever attached to pious example. But early in life, *Mechanicus*, either through a mistaken notion of the strength of his talents, or the nature of his 'calling,' thought himself qualified for the office of a Legislator, he became enamoured with the idea of public distinction, and his heart beat high in the hope of popularity. He frequented places of public resort, and sought every occasion to ingratiate himself into favour—the consequences were more favourable to his ambitious views than to the state of his business and of his family; these were both neglected. The man that leaves the cultivation of his own field to labour in another's, must expect at harvest a crop of weeds. So likewise he that is unmindful of his proper calling to seek an office he is not qualified to fill, will find that his most important concerns will make but a sorry figure when he ought to reap, and yield but penury where he ought to have gathered plenty. It was so with Mechanicus. The public, though slow to reward his exertions with promotion, at length gave him an office; but alas! it was only a post of honour; it gratified his vanity, but did not replenish his purse. Through inattention to his business, it dwindled, his customers left him, and trade declined; but the mischief did not end here, his children were untutored; discipline forsook his house, and his authority was prostrated. Now, though Mechanicus could harangue in the council-chamber, yet he wanted the talents of a statesman, and though he expected Fame, she fled him as a phantom. He was made the mere tool of a party who employed him to work *their* purposes, yet, he had not the penetration to discern it—he thought he had gained favour, while they secretly despised him, or laughed in their sleeve at his vanity and simplicity.—"Brethren know your calling."

Sator was born of a reputable and worthy family in the country, he was educated to fit him for the employment of husbandry, and by dint of application

and good natural talents, he acquired such other knowledge as serves to enlarge the understanding, and enable a man to pass a leisure hour agreeably and usefully. But unhappily for Sator he mistook his "calling." Feeling conscious of some superiority over his companions of the field, he began to think that he was designed for some more conspicuous station than a farmer. About this time he happened to be sent to market. Here the apparent gaiety of the scene charmed his youthful fancy! All seemed sprightliness and ease. The glitter of wealth and the splendour of parade sometimes impose on maturer judgment, but poor Sator was quite dazzled. His juvenile perception could not penetrate through the mask that covered the actors of this scene. Could he have seen many of their hearts, he would have thanked heaven that he had been educated a husbandman; but now discontent had entered his heart, and he returned home repining—he was dissatisfied with his present "calling," and would not "abide therein." "I will go," says he, "to the city. I will there turn merchant; the farm that my grandfather bequeathed me I will sell; this will furnish me with a capital, and I shall soon be rich. Labour is unpleasant to me; I may there recline on the lap of ease; mediocrity bounds desire; there will I get abundance."—Alas for Sator, he did not "know his calling"—he sold his farm but did not buy experience; he had a capital but wanted knowledge. He sought for ease but found anxiety; riches was his aim, but he fell into poverty. He soon lost the innocence of rural life, and with it lost that peace of mind which is the most substantial treasure.—Such was the fate of Sator! Such is the fate of many, who with less promising prospects have been tempted to seek affluence in the bosom of commerce. Undervaluing the honourable and independent station of the Farmer, they are drawn by avarice or indolence to the city in the confidence of gratification. Here expences are certain, but income is precarious—temptations are strong but resolution is weak; they are carried away into sin and into debt, and often sink to rise no more. It becomes us then to use all diligence to discern our proper calling, and having been so happy as to make the discovery, to "abide therein" with diligence and gratitude.

Chevalius moves in the higher circles of society among our most worthy and respectable citizens, but from his conversation we are often led to suppose that he inhabits a stable. He is incessantly talking of horses, and dwells with peculiar emphasis on the manners and exploits of a favourite mare. He has much the air of an hostler, and in his discourse he frequently raises his voice to the stableyard key. He understands perfectly the technical terms of the stable, and can speak fluently on the qualities, diseases, gait and trim of a horse. In coachmanship he seems to be a perfect *connossieur*; he can drive *single*, *double*, or *tandum*, with great dexterity, and handles a whip so well, that he can displace a fly from a horse's ear, as he sits in the gig, without giving the beast the slightest pain. He is constantly changing his carriages for something new or improved, and can entertain a company for hours on the peculiar advantages of a a certain kind of springs, on the shape of a bridle bitt, or the size of a chair-wheel.—Such is Chevalius! "Surely," said I, "though rich, he was designed for an hostler!"

It would be tedious to my readers to describe particularly all the characters that present themselves for delineation, who appear to be ignorant of the nature of their "calling," but when I meet with a sensible young man whose talents fit him for usefulness in society, tricked off in all the fantastical trimmings of a fop, I cannot help thinking, that he is unmindful of his calling—or when I see my fair sisters, who would be offended to hear an indelicate expression, dressed without regard to common decency, I cannot avoid a suspicion that they are out of the path which the native modesty of their sex has evidently designed for them.—In short, every one who soars above or sinks beneath his allotted sphere of action, every one who disregards the clear evidences of propriety, of modesty, or of virtue, may be said to be unmindful of the apostle's charge.—"Brethren, know your calling and therein abide," for we are all "called to glory and to virtue."

LAYMAN.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. *Letter Third.*

To R——— Z———.

When Time hangs heavy, clouds impend,
And oft the drizzly showers descend,
How then the heart expands!
I feel my breast with friendship glow,
And the dull hours that pass so slow
I thus get off my hands.

Two days have pass'd, since cloudy skies
Bade Ennui's troublous phantoms rise,
To haunt my vacant head;
E'en Fancy does not love to roam,
But sleepy sits content at home
Or dozes on the bed.

Though Syrius has commenc'd his reign,
No more the thirsty, arid plain
Demands the fresh'ning shower;
The winds rous'd from their summer's sleep,
Bid the tall forest bending weep,
Obedient to their power.

Secure within their airy nest,
The feather'd songsters calmly rest,
Nor heed the beating rain;
No more they wanton o'er the fields,
To taste the sweets that Nature yields,
But snug at home remain.

Oft Memory's power those scenes recalls,
Nor yet Time's shadowy curtain falls
To erase them from my mind;
When seated round your cheerful fire,
In converse sweet that ne'er can tire,
The friendly circle join'd.

'Tis pleasant, Dick! when rambling tires,
Or Winter *piles the blazing fires*
To have a peaceful home—
A roof to shield us from the snow,
When forc'd excursions to forego,
A cheerful humble dome.

The Sailor midst the Atlantic wave,
When wintry winds and tempests rave,
For home's calm comforts sighs;
As round him howls the driving blast,
His humble cot—its sweet repast,
Before his fancy flies.

Yet still the fearless ranger keeps,
His devious course o'er trackless deeps,
While "high the billows swell;"*
To home, if in the roaring wave,
He finds a solitary grave,
He sighs his last farewell.

And when Arabia's desert plain,
Where ne'er descends the fresh'ning rain,
Nor balmy showers distill;
Behold the thirsty traveller seek,
With languid eye and pallid cheek
The narrow, stagnant rill;

How oft ascends the fervent prayer,
That he once more may freely share
The blessings home bestows;
Again in his dear native vale,
Breathe the invigorating gale,
And taste a calm repose.

In vain the prayer—with thirst oppress'd,
What tortures rack his aching breast!
No streamlet meets his eyes;
The scorching beam no clouds restrain,—
The KASMIN flies along the plain,
O'erwhelm'd he sinks and dies.

Sad is the hapless traveller's doom,
Who finds in barren wastes a tomb,
With none to mourn his fate;

* LEWIS.

His children count the tardy hours,
And in their lov'd paternal bowers,
Their sire's return await.

No more he comes to bless their eyes,
But mid the sandy desert dies,
Far from his native home,
Accurst forever be the hour,
When Gold's all-fascinating power,
Urg'd him abroad to roam.

Ev'n when some hospitable chime,
And social bosoms, aid old Time
On swifter wing to fly;
Still native scenes engross the soul—
Lov'd visions o'er the Fancy roll,
For home still swells the sigh.

Then let *us* share the bliss we own,
Nor risk a death forlorn, alone,
A solitary grave:
There's room enough at home to die,
So ne'er may either you or I
The sands or billows brave.

You see dear Dick! my mind's intent
On home, tranquillity, content,
Though now abroad I rove;
And that where e'er has been my lot,
In lofty dome or humble cot,
I've thought of those I love.

LYRICUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

REFLECTIONS ON THE NEW YEAR.

Again, another portion of time has elapsed, another *year* has closed! And thus the wheels of time, with incessant rotation, whirl round, and hurry us forward towards the unchangeable end.

While the closing eve of the expiring year, and the rising morn of the succeeding one, are employed by the giddy, the licentious, and the vain, in levity and folly, rioting and wantonness:—to the more thoughtful part of mankind, who wisely consider that their days are swiftly passing away,—that they are living for eternity,—and are here but as pilgrims and sojourners:—they furnish themes for profitable reflection, and striking lessons of deep instruction. These are excited to look back, and consider, what progress they have made in their journey to heaven-ward, during the preceding year, which is now forever closed;—and how very serious a thing it is, impartially to review the path of life, even for *one* year. How many painful reflections must necessarily arise, on a retrospection of the many deviations from the line of rectitude;—the many omissions; and the want of ardour in the pursuit of substantial good! How humiliating, to consider the abundant mercy and goodness, the long forbearance and loving kindness of our Heavenly Benefactor towards us, and how little heart-felt gratitude and thankfulness we have experienced therefor!

But surely it is profitable for us thus to look back, and carefully consider our ways. And although we may have to pass under the "ministration of condemnation," in a humbling sense of our great deficiencies, yet let us not be discouraged. Our gracious Helper is yet mercifully disposed to assist our feeble endeavours after a life of piety and holiness. Let us then "double our diligence," with the rising year. Let us begin anew to reform our lives, and strive to keep the "paper" of every succeeding day, unsullied, that the characters, the indelible characters of our actions, written thereon, may be fair and intelligible, such as may be reviewed with complacency either at the close of *one* year or of *ten thousand*. Thus through the help freely offered us let us labour with unremitting assiduity, wisely to improve the coming year; and should our race in mutability be prolonged till the end of it, that we may look over our course with satisfaction and peace, and be entitled to the consoling evidence of having lived to some valuable purpose, and knowing our "day's work" going on with the day.

Thus the wise in heart will endeavour to improve the day, which many spend in merriment and vanity, in feasting and wantonness:—and those who wish to experience an advancement in the things that belong to their peace, will be induced to form new resolutions of walking in uprightness, abstaining from forbidden things, and reforming their lives. But these resolutions will prove weak, without Divine aid! May we then, day by day, diligently seek for help, for strength and wisdom from above; and know our dependance placed on Him, who is able to do all things for us, and can and will assuredly bless every honest endeavour to serve Him.

IOTA.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors,

With pleasure late I look'd among
The sons of prose and eke of song,
Who haunt your *Fire-side*, so trim,
And keep the blaze from growing dim—
A clever, civil set of fellows,
Who ply imagination's bellows
With so much judgment, and so sprightly,
They keep the flame still glowing brightly;—
But, as in every flock of sheep
Which shepherd yet was known to keep,
The owner has been found to lack one,
Or else be pestered with a *black* one,
Who, not content with lawful pasture,
Has caused much trouble to his master,
And taught the flock, as shepherds well know,
To follow him like any *bell-ewe*,
To leap the lines and fences over,
And spoil their neighbor's wheat and clover;—
So in your club I soon espied
A restive youth, who likes to ride
Upon Pegasus, when he's able
To get him from Parnassian stable.
Just like myself, he's no great horseman,
Tho' you, perhaps, might find a worse one;
But that would only serve to show us
Although we're low, there's some below us.
His headstrong nag he sore belabors,
And oft rides plump against his neighbors;
So that he's rather incommoding
To folks who travel the same road in:
And much I fear your friendly throng,
The major part of whom are young,
Will be infected by his spirit,
And forfeit praise which now they merit.
Full well he knows to spur and whip,
But not the proper course to keep—
Hence few have journey'd tow'rds parnassus
Who've not been splash'd by his pegasus;
And as they've chid the lad's temerity,
He thinks to shun their just severity
By *changing name*—a practice common
Among those sons of man and woman
Who, when they find their credit fail,
Give those who trusted them *leg bail*.
He, in his various lucubrations
Assumes such various appellations,
That even to relate the number
Would load my rhyme with useless lumber.
Among the club, this youth so humorous,
Is known by names so very numerous,
That should they even try to fix on,
And prove the *true one* to conviction,
The difficult and fruitless essay
Would breed disturbances I dare say.
At length being christen'd RUSTICUS,
He made a deal of wordy fuss
About *some* subject, I suspect,
But *what* I never could detect.
When I review'd the Literati
As round the *Fire-side* they sat, I
Soon perceiv'd this bustling genius,
And some few words then pass'd between us;
But as I found his temper brittle,
I thought it best to say but little;
Yet even that he could not yield to,
The pen again must be appeal'd to—
And having borrow'd *one more* name,
He wields the quill in quest of fame:
Of Jersey modes talks with presumption,
And simple thoughts rigg'd out in homespun,
As though he'd been a rustic hedger,
And never nodded o'er a *ledger*.
His name being chang'd to DOMINIC,
He thinks he of *himself* may speak;

And then in modest stanza pretty,
He tells how hugely he's been witty.
Of dark oblivion's dire foramen,
Where editors dull essays cram in,
He speaks with such nice sense of dread,
That *memory* must have lent her aid;
The mind by her has been beset with
The "hair-breadth 'scapes" that *he* had met with
This subject handled pretty largely,
He, trooper-like, begins to *charge* me;
And here I own, and bite my thumb,
That to his wrath I must succumb—
His brilliant wit and poignant satire
Cause my poor teeth like ape's to chatter.
With Criticism's dirk and broadsword
He stabs or hews down every odd word,
And on the spoil makes such carousal
That I could creep into a mouse-hole.
Although he recommends to *old* hands
To make th' attack *in front* with bold hands,
And give the noses of each sentence
Such blows as will induce repentance,
Yet he at flanking is not sorry,
And fighting *a posteriori*.
He tells us that of SIMON's tale
"Nine-tenths at least are old and stale:"
If this the fact be, proves it not
That I thought just as others thought?
When I observ'd his verbose wrath
Display'd at CLEMENS, of *Hanepath*,
And said too crustily he mutter'd,
I only spoke what *others* utter'd.
If I remark'd his *phosphorescence*,
Obscur'd by angry effervescence,
And told him he should lay aside all
Spleen, or wear a good curb bridle,
And keep his friends from being griev'd—
I only said what *all* believ'd.
In this plain case I need not mention,
'Twas difficult to use *invention*.
Truth, if follow'd, plainly show'd
That I must take the beaten road;
And hence to *Rustic*, I address'd
The same old truths so oft express'd.
MYRTLE proceeds in strain prolific,
Which prov'd to me a sudorific.
At *first*, his rhyme which is so plaguy
Keen, gave me the shaking ague;
Fever and sweat, with changes fickle,
Next threw me into dismal pickle:
However, pretty soon I miss'd 'em,
And found my usual state of system.
Friend DOMINIC, I say, proceeds
To speak, as he will see who reads,
Of pompous French, and swamping Latin,
Which he won't own he's very pat in.
He much dislikes their foreign faces,
And says he is unlearn'd in *cases*—
Yet such, of language, is the nature
That even this *unlearned* creature,
Although by any rule he goes not,
Can use such *cases* as he knows not.
Whene'er he speaks of *others* merits,
Or what he thinks *himself* inherits,
With *those* he uses the *ablative*,
And with *his own* assumes the *dative*.
And when by others this sad pert, ill-
Polish'd writer, NICKY MYRTLE
Is check'd for being over talkative,
You quickly find him in the *vocative!*
As in *this case* he yet has ever
Appear'd most likely to be cleaver,
I think I'll leave him there at present,
In hopes 'twill make him somewhat *pleasant*,
And if it should improve him any,
I shan't regret the efforts many
Which writing this has cost his stanch
Well-wisher

SIMON OLIVEBRANCH.

Chester county, Dec. 21st, 180.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

PREJUDICE.

Prejudice is defined by Doctor Watts to be "an ill opinion which we have conceived of some other person," or "a judgment that is formed concerning any person or thing before sufficient examination."

Among mankind there is a great variety of these prejudices and prepossessions which attend us in every stage of our existence, from the cradle to the grave, and frequently lay the foundation for gross errors in practice, both in our civil and religious concernments.—According to the last of these definitions I shall endeavour briefly to throw some light on the subject. And firstly shall make some remarks on the prejudices of education, and secondly on the prejudices of custom. Though sensible that it would admit of a greater number of heads, yet for the sake of brevity I shall confine myself to two.

By the prejudices of education, I mean those prepossessions, those strange likes and dislikes, which we derive from our nurses, our parents, and our teachers; who are ever willing to teach us not only to imitate them in our actions, but also in our opinions, general and particular. How many ridiculous stories are told us in our younger years, in which we place the most implicit confidence, of goblins in the dark, of witches with their terrible power, and ghosts starting up on every occasion! How early do we learn to distinguish lucky days, foretell by omens, and interpret dreams! And what is much to be lamented, the impressions made on our young and tender minds by these absurdities very often abide with us the greater part of our lives, and the weaker part of mankind in all ages have been greatly influenced by them. From education we choose our particular sect and party in civil and religious life.—It is generally the prejudices imbibed in early life that determine a man's character at a riper age. It is this that makes the host of political parties into which the world is divided. Children are more particularly trained up in religious prejudices, which they have less opportunity, or perhaps inclination to depart from than their political sentiments. The Turks believe in Mahomet, the Heathen in monstrous and absurd fables, and the Jews still look for the fulfilment of the promises by Moses, and all from the force of education. A great part of the Christian world, it is to be feared, can hardly give any reason why they believe the Bible to be the word of God, but because they have always believed it, and were taught so from their infancy.

I am now to make some observations on the prejudices of Custom, supposing that we have freed ourselves from the early prejudices of education.

Our opinions of garments, of forms of salutation, meats and drinks, are influenced more by the prejudice of custom, than by the eye, the ear, or the taste. What is it but custom that makes a fashion of dress pleasing and elegant at this time, which ten years ago would have been monstrous unbecoming?—What is it but custom that makes our forms of salutation agreeable and polite, while that of a Muscovite would be uncouth and harsh? What is it but custom that makes our cookeries agreeable to our taste, which would be nauseous to an inhabitant of Greenland? It is this prejudice of education and custom that governs us in almost every action of our lives. There are few, very few, who have a sufficiently independent spirit to act in every instance according to the dictates of Reason, in spite of the forms, customs, and fashions of the world.—Whatever is fashionable, we are generally prejudiced in favour of: and let our opinions be what they may, they are at last so changed or blended with the sentiments of others, that if we dare, we have no inclination to be singular; but are content to follow the beaten track wherever it may lead us.

DEROBÉ.

Delaware, December 24th, 1805.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;

They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish—O my mother earth!
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclin'd,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear,
My brain—my pulse runs wild—I rave!
Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
I am the Grave!

"The Grave, that never spake before;
Hath found at length a tongue to chide,
O listen!—I will speak no more:
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a Wretch, of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And Ghosts of unforgotten crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee,
Ah! think not, hope not, fool! to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb;
Beyond the power of tongue to tell!
By the dread secrets of my womb!
By death and Hell!

"I charge thee live!—Repent and pray,
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy!—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"—Art thou a mourner?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights?
Endearing days forever flown
And tranquil nights?

"O Live!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a Wanderer?—Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been
Misfortune's mark?

"Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
Live!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To Friendship didst thou trust thy Fame,
And was thy Friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"Live!---and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For Friendship's gold.

"Go seek that treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

"——In Woman hast thou plac'd thy bliss,
And did the Fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a kiss,
And sold thy love?

"Live!---'twas a false bewildering fire;
Too often Love's insiduous dart
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire
But kills the heart.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter Maiden's virtuous charms
Blest shalt thou, be supremely blest,
In beauty's arms.

"——Whate'er thy lot---whoere thou be---
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions, all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his providence adore;
'Tis done!---Arise he bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep,
Low in the ground

"The soul of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!

"The Sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky,
The Soul, immortal as its sire;
Shall never die."

[To the reader of sensibility the following extract from the works of the inimitable Goldsmith will need no recommendation. Benevolence in every shape is grateful to the liberal mind, and many of our patrons, we are interested to hope, possess this amiable quality. The man who can read what is here detailed with such unaffected simplicity, without feeling a sympathetic sensation, is destitute of the finer feelings of the soul.]

The Character of the man in black, with some instances of his inconsistences.

Though fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few.—The man in black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed a humourist in a nation of humourists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence: though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness; others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. In every parish house, (says he,) the poor are supplied with food, cloaths, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious: I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible, that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences; let me assure you, Sir, they are impostors

every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief.—

He was proceeding in this strain, earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty; when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us, that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife, and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the man in black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily see that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children; but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him, at the same time, (in order that I should hear,) go work for his bread, and not teaze passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and œconomy, with his skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars, were he a magistrate; hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception; and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor, with a wooden leg, once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice; but my friend looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would shew me with how much ease, he could, at any time, detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance; and, in an angry tone, began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled, and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand; but soon recollecting himself, and presenting his whole bundle, here, master, says he, take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain.

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion, that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value; he informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match, instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred, that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to these vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice, that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch who, in the deepest distress, still aimed at good humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding: his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence, he immediately applied his hands to his pockets in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion, when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage, was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose; till at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

From the American Daily Advertiser.

Advice to the industrious poor; or how to make much of a little in times of scarcity.

The poor man who roasts or broils his meat—throws it half into the fire.

The poor man who boils it—throws half a way in the water.

The poor man who turns it all into broth, with a little flour, oat meal, rice, or pease, according to their price, wants the less bread, and has twice the quantity for his money.

Onions are the best of herbs. The idolatrous Egyptians worshipped them:—better worship them than the *Gin bottle.*

The poor always get the best pennyworth who buy where most sit together in the open market; and bargains are always cheapest at the latter end of the day.

The poor who deal on trust may expect to be grievously *cheated:* for many shop-keepers suppose they mean to *cheat them;* therefore they strive to be beforehand with them. The ready penny always fetches the best bargain.

They that can scarce keep themselves or a child, should never keep a dog.

Gin is *poison;* he that drinks it gives himself false spirits for a time, and rots his liver all the while. If a *Gin-maker* be not the greatest enemy to the public, a *Gin-drinker* is the greatest enemy to himself and family.

A good man in bad times will live ten times better than a bad man in good times.

Let the poor do good themselves at home, and they will find good in being at home. It is a true proverb, "God helps them that help themselves."

The poor man's profit is to be found in his time:—And lost time is never to be found again. Laziness travels slow;—and poverty soon overtakes it.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

Moral Philosophy, is the knowledge of our duty and felicity, or the art of being virtuous and happy, the study of which should begin with the first dawning of reason, and only end with life: Without some degree of it, man were a savage, and his life a scene of barbarity and wretchedness. The perfection of Virtue, is to give reason full scope, to obey the authority of conscience with alacrity, to exercise the defensive passions

with fortitude, the private with temperance, to adore and love God with an unrivalled affection, to acquiesce in his Providence with a joyful resignation. Every approach to this standard, is an approach to perfection and happiness, every deviation a deviation to vice and misery; thus it appears (who would not rejoice in so divine and benevolent a constitution) that duty, wisdom, and happiness coincide and are one.

—

To know one's profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this (whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary) is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for, if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in either.

—

When men arrive at a certain station of greatness, their regards are dissipated on too great a number of objects to feel parential affection; the ties of nature are only strong with those who have but few friends, or few dependents.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—In looking over the detail of operations among the hoſtile powers of Europe, the French appear to be as uniformly ſucceſsful on the continent as Britain upon the ocean. The fifteen bulletins of the grand army, whoſe enterprizes Bonaparte perſonally directs, preſent a train of victories truly ſurpriſing. By the laſt it appears that its head quarters are at preſent at Braunau, a well fortified town on the Inn, which they found well ſupplied with proviſions, artillery and ammunition.

In Italy Maſſena has defeated the army under the Archduke Charles, and is advancing towards the confines of Germany. The Auſtrians keep poſſeſſion of Venice; where they are anxiouſly waiting the arrival of Ruſſian ſuccours, to enable them to retain it. This is, probably, the deſtination of one of the Britiſh expeditions alſo.

Pruſſia, by the lateſt accounts, ſeems to have reſolved on a ſtrict neutrality, which, it is ſaid, the belligerent powers have conſented not to violate.

The neutrality of Naples, during the preſent war, is alſo admitted.

—

DOMESTIC.—We obſerve in ſeveral papers publiſhed in other commercial cities, the effects of the violent tempeſt on the night of the 28th ult. We have experienced the damage done in our own port; and have reaſon to be thankful that its amount is not more conſiderable. One great objection made againſt the covering of the Schuylkill Permanent Bridge, was its ſuppoſed liability to be blown down by ſtorms. That on the 28th attacked it, in its moſt aſſailable point, yet it remains unſhaken and uninjured in the ſmalleſt degree. A perſon intereſted in its concerns, had the curioſity to remain on it, a conſiderable time, in the midſt of the gale. There was no perceptible motion, though the frame houſes in its vicinity were ſo ſhaken, that the families inhabiting them were under great apprehenſions.

We are informed, that Mr. Hills, of this city, has prepared, and in a ſtate of very conſiderable forwardneſs, a plan of the city and environs, embracing all the roads, country ſeats, farm-houſes, mill ſeats, ſtreams, &c. &c. within a circle of ſixty miles circumference. It extends from the Lazaretto to Cheſnut Hill, and from the Buck to Moore's Town in the ſtate of New-Jerſey.—We hope and confidently truſt that ſuch a uſeful work will meet with that liberal patronage, to which the author's four year's labours, and great expence, juſtly entitle him.

On the 25th ult. a Wen was extracted by Dr. Phyſick, in the circular room of the Pennſylvania Hoſpital, from the cheek and neck of James Hayes, of Dauphin county, in the ſtate of Pennſylvania, in the preſence of Doctors Wiſter and Coxe, Phyſicians of the Hoſpital, and about 80 ſtudents of medicine, from different parts of the Union, who were privileged to attend the practice of the houſe.

This Wen had been upwards of 20 years progreſſing in its growth, and when extracted it was meaſured and weighed.

The dimenſions were as follows:

Projection from the cheek 7 1-2 inches.
Circumference round the baſe 23 do.
Do. in its largeſt extent 25 1-2 do.
Do. in the leaſt part of it 19 1-2 do.
The weight was ſeven pounds.

It is ſuppoſed the patient muſt have loſt about ten or twelve ounces of blood. This ſevere operation he bore with the greateſt fortitude, and there is a reaſonable proſpect of his doing well.

We are told a letter was received yeſterday from Waſhington, informing that the Spaniſh Court, by requeſt of our executive, had recalled the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, the Marquis Yrujo.

[*Salem Gazette.*]

Extract from the report of the committee to whom was referred the examination of the roads moſt expedient to be run from the navigable waters emptying into the Atlantic, to the Ohio river where it bounds the ſtate of Ohio, agreeably to act of Congreſs.

The committee have thought it expedient to recommend the laying out and making a road from Cumberland, on the notherly bank of the Potomac and within the ſtate of Maryland, to the river Ohio at the moſt convenient place between a point on the eaſterly bank of ſaid river, oppoſite to Steubenville and the mouth of Grave Creek, which empties into ſaid river Ohio, a little below Wheelen in Virginia. This route will meet and accommodate the roads leading from Baltimore and the diſtrict of Columbia; it will croſs the Monongahala river, at or near Brownſville, ſometimes called Redſtone, where the advantage of boating can be taken, and from the point where it will probably interſect the river Ohio, there are now roads, or they can eaſily be made over feaſible and proper ground, to and through the principal population of the ſtate of Ohio.

Cumberland is ſituated at the eaſtern foot of the Alleghany mountains, about eighty miles from Williamſport by the uſual route, which is circuitous, owing to a large bend in the Potomac, on the bank of which the road now runs; the diſtance on a ſtraight line is not more than 50 to 55 miles, and over tolerable ground for a road, which will probably be opened by the ſtate of Maryland, ſhould the route be eſtabliſhed over the mountains as contemplated by this report.

From Cumberland to the weſtern extremity of Laurel Hill, by the route now travelled, the diſtance is ſixty-ſix miles, and on a ſtraight line about fifty five; on this part of the route, the committee ſuppoſe, the firſt and very conſiderable expenditures are ſpecially neceſſary. From Laurel Hill to the Ohio river, by the uſual route is about ſeventy miles, and on a ſtraight line 54 or 5; the road is tolerable, though capable of amelioration.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MENETUS we truſt will excuſe us if we delay giving place to his unfiniſhed lucubration. We hope he will avail himſelf of thoſe long winter evenings he ſpeaks of to render it more complete.

H.'s ſtanzas contain many valuable thoughts, we regret that the unpoetic garb in which they are dreſſed precludes their admiſſion into the Evening Fire-ſide.

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